

*The most lamentable Tragedie*

*Tamora.* Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.  
*Clowne.* Tis he, God and Saint Stephen giue you good den,  
 I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pigions heere.

*He reads the Letter.*

*Satur.* Goe take him away and hang him presently.

*Clowne.* How much money must I haue?

*Tamora.* Come sirra, you must be hanged.

*Clowne.* Hangd, be Lady then I haue brought vp a neck  
 to a faire end.

*Exit.*

*Satur.* Displeasurefull and intollerable wrongs,  
 Shall I endure this monstrous villany?  
 I know from whence this same deuise proceedes:  
 May this be borne, as if his trayterous sonnes,  
 That dide by law formeurther of our brother,  
 Haue by my meanes bene butchered wrongfully?  
 Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,  
 Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priuiledge,  
 For this proud mocke Ile be thy slaughter man,  
 Sly franricke wretch, that holpst to make me great,  
 In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.

*Enter Nuntius Emillius.*

*Satur.* What newes with thee *Emillius*?

*Emil.* Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,  
 The Gothes haue gathered head, and with a power  
 Of high resolu'd men, bent to the spoyle,  
 They hither march amaine, vnder conduct  
 Of *Lucius*, sonne to old *Andronicus*.  
 Who threats in course of this reuenge to doe

As

*o Titus Andronicus*

As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.

*King.* Is warlike *Lucius* Generall  
 These tydings nip me, and I hang  
 As flowers with frost, or grasse beat  
 I, now begins our sorrowe to appre  
 Tis he the common people loue so  
 My selfe hath often heard them say  
 When I haue walked like a priuate  
 That *Lucius* banishment was wron  
 And they haue wisht that *Lucius* v

*Tamora.* Why should you feare?

*King.* I but the Cittizens fauour  
 And will reuolt from me to succou

*Tamora.* *King*, be thy thoughts  
 Is the Sunne dimd, that Gnats do f  
 The Eagle suffers little birds to si  
 And is not carefull what they mea  
 Knowing that with the shadow o  
 He can at pleasure stint their melo  
 Euen so mayest thou the giddy m  
 Then cheare thy spirit, for know  
 I will enchaunt the old *Andronicu*  
 With words more sweet and yet n  
 Then baites to fish, or honny stall  
 When as the one is wounded with  
 The other rotted with delicious

*King.* But he will not entreat hi

*Tamor.* If *Tamora* entreat him  
 For I can smooth and fill his age  
 With golden promises, that were  
 Almost impregnable, his old yea  
 Yet should both eare and hart ob  
 Goe thou before to be our Embas  
 Say that the Emperour requests a

H